



Pennywise x Reader by faunling

Category: IT

Genre: Horror, Romance

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-09-19 10:56:18

Updated: 2017-09-23 18:49:49

Packaged: 2019-12-12 04:50:06

Rating: M

Chapters: 2

Words: 3,715

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Before several rows of sharp, stalactite-like teeth come ardently piercing through your flesh, time begins to tug into a halt. For a moment, your mortality precariously dangles before you, but all you can think about was how one day lead you into the clawed fists of a demonic clown with jaws unhinged and ready to consume you in entirety...

1. Chapter 1

Before several rows of sharp, stalactite-like teeth come ardently piercing through your flesh, time begins to tug into a halt. For a moment, your mortality precariously dangles before you, but all you can think about was how one day lead you into the clawed fists of a demonic clown with jaws unhinged and ready to consume you in entirety. How you ended up here should have been a blur, but it was all too vivid to forget.

It was all too vivid to ever forget.

It was end of summer. The weather had not much changed, but the new wind brought in a cool promise that shades of gold and scarlet would soon line the sidewalks. It was the time of year that a sweater was appropriate for the morning, but by the afternoon one might break into a sweat, just as you were currently doing. Why did you think it was a good idea to prematurely break out your favorite cardigan?

As the sun strictly scolded your fashion decisions, you decided to stop by an old drug store downtown in the hopes of buying something cold and sweet to eat and a chance to bask in the AC. It wasn't quite on the way home, but it wasn't too far. The thought of ice cream was motivation enough to stray from your typical route.

Bells jingle against the door as you go in. You are greeted by a blast of cold air, but not a single voice calls out "welcome!" It's a bit uncharacteristic of mom and pop shops such as these, but you shrug it off. Perhaps someone's in the back, busy at work.

By the time you sit down at the counter, you realize that something is very wrong. There is a deafening silence all around you. There is no sound of an employee rustling in the stock rooms like you previously expected. No music is playing at all in the store. Even the traffic outside is muted, and you know there's no way the walls are thick enough to block out the noise. You question if perhaps the store was closed, and maybe someone had forgotten to lock the door.

You pace through the aisles, craning your neck around corners in

search of a face. You even go as far as to call out a puzzled "hello", but still nothing returns. It seems you are the only one here. You look out the window and not a single car passes by. Was there some event in town you forgot about? A holiday, maybe?

And with that thought, the fluorescent lights flickered out. It was still bright enough from the sun shining in to see, but a chill flew through you, insisting you did not belong here. You hurried to the exit.

You push on the door, but it won't budge. The bells on it jingle almost in mocking as you violently shake it, desperately hoping to force it open. Your arms fall against your sides in defeat and you sigh. But even after you stopped shaking the door, a faint jingling could be heard. It echoed against the silent walls of the shop.

"Hello?" You call out again, turning to follow the sound of the bells. The sound seemed to travel, as if luring you in circles. The bells intensified, growing louder, and then moved further away again. You traced the noise to behind a door at the very back of the shop. There was just enough light streaming in to illuminate the sign that read "Employee's only."

It's unlocked. You go through, searching vainly and straining your ears. The bells are close now, but you can hardly see. Something clicks as you step on it, and a slow churning noise masks the jingling of bells. A string of Christmas lights begin to glow, one tiny, colored bulb at a time.

Blue, red, green, purple, blue, red, green, purple, blue, red, red, red, red, red...

The lights turn on as though in a domino effect, the dots drawing shapes along the walls as they blinked into existence. They formed the shape of an arrow, pointing towards a door on your left that now also twinkled with a garland of red lights. A new sound hummed behind this door, not of bells, but of carousel music. Every rational fiber in you warned not to wander inside, but as if by instinct, you turned the handle and went inside.

The air smelled nauseatingly sweet. The corners of the room were dark still, giving the illusion of it appearing endless, while still visible

at its center was a single light teetering back and forth from the ceiling.

A single red balloon hovered beneath it.

Your heart began to race, hands trembling as you tried to piece together the meaning, but it was difficult to think with the off-key carnival music assaulting your ears. You approached the balloon with a furrowed brow and reached out to grab its white string when a strange, gloved hand emerged from the shadows.

You flinch back and trip, landing hard on your ass. A figure fully reveals itself, now holding the balloon and smiling down at you. The music begins to skip, two strained notes repeating like an alarm.

A tall, pale clown grins from ear to ear, with two long front teeth poking from under a crimson upper lip. Its eyes glow like a cats in an inhuman shade of amber. It extends its hand to you, offering to help you up.

Wide eyed and shaking, you attempt to shuffle back towards the door, but it lunges down and pulls your leg towards itself, chuckling playfully. You want to scream, but your voice feels choked inside your throat. The clown towers over you and then pulls you up to your feet and inches from its face.

"My name is Pennywise the dancing clown! What's yours?"

You're struck speechless, searching its face in a desperate attempt to figure out what exactly it is, but are left with no answer.

"There's no need to be shy! Here, I've got something for you..."

From seemingly nowhere, the clown pulls out a soft-serve ice cream cone through the darkness.

"Is this your favorite flavor?" Its voice rasps.

You don't know why you respond at all, but you nod. The clown's smile grows wider. A strange stirring is born inside you, like a tug of war between terrified and aroused. You fight yourself from feeling anything at all, but the clown tenses its grip on your shoulder and the

panic ensues.

It seems to smell this internal battle raging inside you and lifts the ice cream to your lips. Obliging, you take a small lick. It's exactly what you wanted. The clown emits a low sound, and you can't quite decide if it's a growl or purr, but you can feel it in your chest.

It keeps the cone close to your mouth, and you continue to eat it. The cold makes your warm lips tingle, and the ice cream soon begins to melt and drip down your chin. You can feel the clowns piercing stare blaze a hole through you, causing your face to burn and flush. You feel the burn traveling through your entire body, smoldering at the junction of your thighs.

Pennywise lowers the ice cream cone and glares at you briefly. It scans your face, lingering its gaze at the mess around your mouth before pulling you in closer to its body and slowly licking the sticky ice cream from your face. It begins with long laps from your chin to your lips, kissing and sucking the sugar from your skin. You shiver from the sensation, and involuntarily grip its arm and moan. It traces the tip of its tongue around the corners of your mouth before pushing in, mingling its long tongue with yours and tasting you.

You feel its erection pressing against your body. Impulsively, you jut out your hand and feel it, rubbing your palm against the tattered fabric and hardness of its bulge. It sighs hotly into your open mouth before biting at your lower lip. It begins to press its pelvis into you as its sharp teeth graze your neck, driving you mad with fear and desire.

Pennywise suddenly pushes you up against an unseen wall and pants heavily into your ear, pinning you against the surface. Its rough hands search your body aggressively, as though claiming you all as its own. Your goosebumps continue to rise from a multitude of conflicting feelings, making your hair raise and legs quiver.

Just as you feel like you can't take anymore, it clutches violently at the fabric of your clothes and rips them into shreds, flinging them all away carelessly. You struggle against its strength, but eagerly await what it may do next.

Grabbing your legs, it hoists you up as though you weigh nothing,

and you wrap your thighs around its torso for balance. You are able to recognize that the clown is in full control, but you resist regardless. You have to resist. The tip of its warm cock throbs against your entrance like a threat.

Your hips wiggle with unbridled impatience while pushing away from him simultaneously, perplexingly reluctant but ready all at once. Pennywise's strength was well enough to hold you up and also force you down onto its cock. Without hesitation, the girth of its swollen cock stretches you out and fills you immediately. You fail to stifle a loud moan.

Pennywise grinds its hips into yours, settling its cock deep inside of you. You have no choice but to take all of it. Quickly, the clown lifts and lowers you, making you bob up and down on its thick shaft. You scream with a mixture of sheer horror and undeniable pleasure that is possessing you completely, causing your body to go limp and entirely under its grasp. You rock against the wall, your eyes rolling back with each thrust. Moans continue to escape you, and the clown only seems to laugh at this. It laughs again as it shoves its hard cock to the hilt.

Pennywise's cock is slamming hard into you now, and you can't help but squirm and cry out. It is hitting every right spot inside of you and your body clenches down in wild desperation. Your toes are beginning to curl and you're getting soaked by your own wetness. You tell yourself that this isn't happening, but the sound of Pennywise's cock rhythmically pushing into your tight hole echoes throughout the empty blackness of the room.

A heat spreads throughout your body as you reach climax. You grow dizzy, heaving and moaning louder still. Pennywise picks up the pace and ravages you riotously, tossing you like a toy designed for only its pleasure. Your muscles contract and you claw at Pennywise passionately as your orgasm inflames, sending you into a breathless state of pure and rather morbid ecstasy.

The clown lets out an animalistic groan and empties its massive load inside of your exhausted and feeble frame. Right when you think it's over, it pulls you off of its wet cock and locks intense gaze with you. Sweating, your arousal begins to lose to pure terror. Its face is

entirely stoic, as though nothing has occurred only moments ago.
Your heart speeds up again.

The clowns smile stretches and breaks, until rows upon rows of
pointed, jagged teeth swallow your vision.

2. Chapter 2

The panic always seems to sink in at the most inconvenient times.

You jolt upright in your bed from a nightmare, your pillows drenched in a cold sweat and your sheets clinging to your body.

It was that damn clown again.

The past several nights you'd had a reoccurring nightmare about the same clown.

Nearly six feet tall, towering, laughing like God himself. Its red hair was plastered down in blood, and blood dripped from its buck teeth as it chuckled wildly. "You'll float too!" It beckoned.

You swear you could see its silhouette in the doorway now.

With clammy palms you flick on the bedside lamp and are relieved to see that nothing is there. Regardless, your hands are still shaking. You reach for your cigarettes but the carton is empty.

You decide to walk to the nearest gas station to buy another pack. It's not like you could go back to sleep anyways, and you needed something to soothe your frayed nerves. You slip on some shoes and a coat and leave as quickly as possible.

It's a week night, so the streets are mostly empty. The occasional siren fires off through the dark distance, and the streetlights flicker uneasily as you pass beneath them. You focus on the sound of your two feet against the pavement, keeping careful watch of them as well.

That's when you see it.

Two eyes glowing like hot coals in the sewer grate. Your breath catches in your throat for a moment, but you walk faster and avoid looking at it entirely. You know it's not real, but your mind screams a loop of "But what if it is? But what if it is?"

You enter the gas station. The fluorescent lights above hum like flies.

You scan the shelves for any sort of quick comfort snacks but nothing sounds appealing. You proceed to the counter and purchase just the pack of cigarettes and a little white lighter. Thanking the clerk with a nod, you shove your items in your pocket and head out the door. As you walk, your focus migrates from your feet to the sky. The stars are not visible out here in the city.

They say poets always take the weather personally. Maybe it's not the sky that seems lonely, but perhaps it's just you. You can't recall the last time you've had a meaningful conversation with anyone. You've kept quiet and to yourself for a while now, not finding the time or interest to pursue social interactions.

Much less romance.

You take a cigarette out and light it, cupping one hand against the wind. You sigh, body slowly unwinding, slowly forgetting that bad dream.

Then you hear it.

A soft but manic giggling echoing from the ground beneath you. This time, you stop.

Gurgling laughter emits from the sewers.

You look left and right for a car, but the streets remain barren of life. You kneel to the sewer grate and peer in. You stare so long that the cigarette ashes fall off and land on your knees. You hastily brush it off, and in the process burn your hand. You wince and shake it off.

"Are you hurt?" A voice asks.

You quickly scoot away from the sewer grate, shaking your head.

"You should let me take a look at that."

You take another drag instead, keeping your distance from the grate. You can feel something watching back, unblinking.

Slowly, that feeling validates itself as face emerges from the shadows. Its porcelain face seems to glow under the streetlights.

"Don't I know you from somewhere?" The clown asks mischievously.

Your knees feel like they're going to buckle in. As though summoned by your palpitating heart, from the blackness out unfurls a contortionist in white. Its bones crackle and snap as it twists its body from a cubic position into an upright human form. Its limbs wind forwards and back and head rotates all the way around before it leans in over you. Its jaw cracks and its mouth opens wider than any creature you've ever seen, showcasing its many sharpened teeth.

For a moment, the darkness is so all-consuming that you are unsure if you've truly opened your eyes. Moving your limbs, you realize that you're partially submerged in water. Your body shivers before you jolt upright and begin to panic.

The sewers. It must have dragged you down here.

But when? Which memory was the dream?

Instinctively, you pat at your pockets for a cigarette, but they're missing. The lighter, on the other hand, is still there. You pray silently as you flick your thumb across its ridges, hoping to start a spark. After a few tries, the flame ignites.

The small, wavering flame only allows you to see up to an arm's length - and that's with a little squinting. You put the lighter back into your pocket. It was clear that vision would not aid you into escaping. Instead, you strain your ears and listen to the sound. It's dead silent, just as quiet as it was above the streets. Only now, the city's humming was replaced by the unsteady dripping of water.

You stand there in silence for an immeasurable amount of time, your mind and heart both racing. A sudden sloshing noise is heard behind you. You turn, and listen again.

Something is moving several yards away.

Your breath begins to rattle in your chest. You pull out the lighter again. The sloshing turns into a violent splashing, and continues to louden. Whatever it making this noise must be big, you think to yourself. A large object is thrashing what seems like a feet away now.

The sound of water engulfs all of your senses.

You flick the lighter on.

And its there in front of you, grinning.

You scream and drop the lighter into the water, whipping around and attempting to flee. The water slows your speed, and your shorter legs are no match for it. The clown grabs you by the shoulders and drags you away.

Its laughter bounces from the walls, mingling somewhat harmoniously with the chaotic thrashing of water as it stomps forward and you continuously flail and kick.

It leads you out of the water to an open clearing within the tunnels. You can finally see, as just enough of the above light leaks in through the holes and grates. The first thing that you see is the clown in its full form. Its ruffled, white suit was dingy and stained and now also dripping with sewer water. It was just as towering as you recalled in your nightmares.

The clown, seemingly feeling your gaze, turns and tightens its grip.

"We're here!" It leers.

"Where is here?" You manage to speak, instantly regretting doing so. Why bother questioning it?

"This is my home. I thought I'd show you mine...seeing as I've been at yours so often."

The clown put one of his long, clawed hands on your face. Immediately, goosebumps begin to form all across your body. Your wide eyes stare into its glowing orbs, and something shifts within your fear.

The clown's thumb, stroking your cheek, migrates to your lips. Its hands are cold and makes you tremble. Almost unconsciously, you open your mouth and invite it in. Its thumb runs across your bottom lip before entering, and you close your lips around it tightly. Eye contact does not break as you gently suck.

The clown lowly hums with satisfaction as your tongue wraps around its finger.

Without warning, the clown suddenly removes its hand from your face and seizes your throat, forcing you down against the ground and choking you. It straddles your limp body, holding you down with its great weight.

You gasp with the initial shock but soon grow calm, savoring the heat your body is generating.

The clown begins to drool, dripping its hot saliva onto your face and into your gaping mouth.

Your vision begins to blur and you experience a fleeting sensation of euphoria. You can't help but smile back at the horrific Cheshire expression it reflected.

Drool begins to pool on your chest.

You weren't sure why you were enjoying this as much as you were, all things considered, but all that mattered in the moment was the fact that you were no longer afraid, but intensely aroused and burning with pleasure already.

It releases its grip.

You begin to heave to catch your breath, attempting to sit up.

The clown pushes you back down and shoves his long tongue into your mouth, dancing with yours.

Your hands drift upwards to wrap around its arms but it clutches both of your wrists and pins them firmly in place against the ground.

As its hot tongue churns against your mouth, you find your hips rising up to meet its. The heat between both bodies grows irresistible, and you manage to subtly grind your pelvis up against its swelling bulge.

Sensing the suggestion, it rubs itself back into you. You wrap your thighs around its body and moan softly into its open mouth, its sharp

teeth threatening to pierce.

Without a moment's hesitation, the clown slashes away your clothing and discards of its own as well.

Its heavy cock throbs eagerly before you. You press your skin against its growing heat and sigh. Its veins seem to pulsate with impatience.

And with that, the clown spreads apart your legs and enters you, harshly and hastily.

You let out an uncontrollable scream, your body simultaneously relaxing and clenching from the sheer girth and force. It mounts you and fucks primally, clearly using you as a mere masturbatory tool, but you aren't complaining. Your hands turn to claws and desperately find some place to cling to, but once again it takes control of your feeble wrists and squeezes them together, thrusting even harder as punishment for revolting against it.

Your cries of pleasure are irrepressible now, but the clown only growls in response. Its teeth are now bared, slaver saturating your bare skin. Its hard cock rams into the walls of you mercilessly.

Your body convulses with pleasure, shooting sparks ripping through your captive frame. Grunting, the clown repeatedly slams its hips into yours. You've never felt anything like this before. Pure, carnal desire consumed every receptor. Nothing else can be felt but the sticky sweat and warmth growing between your two bodies, kindling in the tightness between your thighs.

As your toes curl in climax, the clown too begins to pick up its pace. Your eyes roll into the back of your head and you moan over and over again, feeling its hot cum fill you up. You wilt in defeat, allowing it to collapse on top of you, still inside of you.

You jolt upright in your bed, a pool of wetness around your thighs.